an extreme horror story

Dolly & Pip

Double Penetration

"HOLY G*D*MN D*CK JUICE... LITERALLY!"

Chris Miller
Author of "In The House"
and "Prime Cuts"

from the Author of Dollface and Puppet

r.j. powell

Copyright © 2025 RJ Powell

All rights reserved

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

No part of this book may be reproduced, or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without express written permission of the publisher.

ISBN-10: 9798292277422

Cover design by: RJ Powell, Myles Murphy
Library of Congress Control Number: 2018675309
Printed in the United States of America

OceanofPDF.com

CONTENTS

Copyright
Trigger Warning
Title Page
One
Two
Three
Four
Five
Six
Seven
Acknowledgements
About The Author

OceanofPDF.com

TRIGGER WARNING

This is a book of **extreme horror.**
Reader discretion is strongly advised.

OceanofPDF.com

DOLLY & PIP

Double Penetration

RJ Powell

OceanofPDF.com

ONE

The welts on Rebecca’s temples were beginning to bruise, but she wasn’t aware.

Squeak.

Squeak.

Squeak.

The man on top of her grunted and groaned, just like before. Just like she was used to, she lay there, the metal table's squeaky wheels rolling beneath her.

“Open your fucking mouth,” he said in a slow growl. Rebecca did as she was told, her jaw popping as it opened. The skinny man pressed his lips together as if he were about to give her a kiss, but a long line of sticky spit trailed from his mouth. It fell, landing on Rebecca’s tongue as more saliva crawled down the slimy string.

Pouring down her throat like molasses, she swallowed – not because she wanted to, but because she had to.

“Urrrghhhh,” he groaned into her ear, collapsing onto Rebecca’s chest. Her arms lay stretched out to her sides, across the metal top of the medical table. She waited patiently for him to slide out and on top of her, her breath heavy under the weight of him.

He sighed before running his tongue up her cheek. “Thank you,” he whispered from his hot mouth. Rebecca couldn’t even cringe, despite her insides wanting to crawl their way out and rip his face off his skull.

Rebecca lay there in silence, her insides sore with a familiarity that spoke to her in a motherly tone. *This is your life, now,* it whispered.

The man finished dressing and stood over her, admiring her as if she were a fresh tuna hanging from a hook, ready to be devoured straight from the bone.

“Get back in the cage,” he barked.

Rebecca did as she was told, standing slowly and straightening her hospital gown. The cage was in the corner of the room beneath a barred window. It was her home, now that she was a permanent resident of *Hollygrove Asylum*. Her days and nights bled into each other, the only hope coming in the form of small birds that pecked at the nest on the windowsill. She’d watch them every morning, wishing and hoping that she could, too, one day be as free as them.

The lock on the cage clicked, and the man stood over her. “I’ve got a surprise for you, Becky.”

She hated it when he called her Becky.

The fluorescent lights hung over the medical table. The room, a mint green, hurt her eyes. It was meant to be a calming color, but every time the light came on, she felt sick. Zaps of electricity tickled her brain, the remnants of torture coursing through her veins.

The man exited the door, and she felt her eyes get heavy, laying her head on the cold floor of the metal dog crate.

❇ ❇ ❇

Suddenly, a kick at the cage.

“Wake up, bitch!” shouted the man. He dragged a secondary cage across the floor, the metal scraping across the tile like a fork on a porcelain plate. It hurt her ears, but her eyes were still heavy.

❇ ❇ ❇

“Hey,” whispered a small voice.

Rebecca could feel someone with her, someone who shouldn’t be there. Their presence was like a ghost under a shadow. She opened her eyes

– movement through the bars was hazy and blurred. She felt drugged, her heart beating against her insides so loudly that she could hear it in her ears.

“Hey there,” whispered the voice once more.

She strained, attempting to focus on the image outside of the metal crate.

“Dolly?” she asked, her voice dry and coming out like a frog’s croak.

“Who’s Dolly?” the voice asked.

Her eyes trailed up to a shelf across the room. There, sat her doll, overlooking the medical table from high above. Her dress was stained a maroon hue in spots trailing along the bottom. Every day, Rebecca wished she could reach her. She lay under the medical lamps – electricity pulsing through her – her eyes fixated on the doll. She wished for just one bit of movement. Anything to give her hope that there was good on the other side of this.

“Who – who are you…?” she asked quietly, tripping over her words.

“Charlie.”

Rebecca’s eyes opened further.

“What’re you doing here?”

“I – I don’t know. Where is here?”

She rubbed her eyes and sat up, yawning.

“We’re in a hospital,” she said.

“What’re they gonna do to me?” the boy asked, his face slowly coming into focus. His eyes were full of tears, and Rebecca could tell he had been through something. He smelled of cigarettes and peanut butter.

“I don’t know.”

Silence filled the room before Charlie opened his mouth to speak. “What’s your name?”

“Rebecca.”

“Have you seen my doll?”

Rebecca glanced around the room. “No,” she said. “I’m tired.”

“Oh,” the boy replied, not bothering to shield the sadness sweeping across his face. “Okay…”

She could feel the sleep sweeping over her one last time before everything fell silent and her head rested against the metal floor, once more.

OceanofPDF.com

TWO

Rebecca could feel the moonlight on her skin from the window. She opened her eyes, seeing the little boy seemingly asleep in the cage next to hers.

"You awake?" she asked.

He stirred, sitting up and looking at her.

"Yeah," he whispered.

"Hey, what's that on top of your cage?" Rebecca nodded above him.

"Pip!" Charlie screeched, grabbing the bars of the cage. "Pip! Wake up! I'm here!" His tiny fingers clasped onto the doll, shaking it as best he could.

Rebecca watched on in silence as the boy furiously grasped onto it. "What is it?"

"He's a puppet! He helped me!"

Rebecca's face changed into curiosity. "Helped you?" She leaned forward, pressing her forehead against the cage to get a better view.

"Yeah! Pip! Wake up!"

"But … it's a *doll*," she said. "Dolls can't wake up."

"This one can," he replied, tears streaming down his cheeks under the glow of the moon. "He talks and everything."

Rebecca felt something pull at her heart. She remembered Dolly, but the shock treatment had worn her down, and the details were limited. She knew something had happened, but she couldn't remember what or how.

“Pip! Please!” he cried, his tears falling to the metal floor of the crate. “Please … wake up.”

“I think …” Rebecca paused. “I think it needs something from you – like *magic*.”

Charlie paused, staring at Rebecca.“What do you mean?”

“I don’t know.” She shook her head.

“What kind of magic?”

“I can’t remember.” A tear fell down her cheek and landed on the top of her hand. She looked at it as it rolled between the tiny hairs on her wrist, soaking into her pores and sliding off the side.

“Try wiping your tears on him.”

“What?”

“Just try it.”

Charlie cried onto his hand and brushed it against Pip’s. Seconds ticked by as he waited, the two of them glancing at each other, when suddenly, the puppet sprang to life. “Pip!” he shouted.

Pip’s face contorted, his eyes large and wide, his hair flopping to life as the previously passive doll took on his human-like features.

“Oh, Pip. Pip! You gotta help us!”

Rebecca couldn’t believe what she was seeing. Her eyes filled with tears. “Pip, can you get that other doll up on the shelf for me?”

“Pip!” shouted Charlie.

But Pip was too busy taking in the overload of his surroundings, his eyes blinking rapidly to wet them. Dust particles floated through the moon beam from the window, creating a wave of light across his blue hair. He shimmered in the light, standing tall atop the cage as the children sprang to life in hope.

Looking down, he realized what was happening.

“Charlie!” he shrieked, hopping off the cage and onto the side. Pip pushed his small arms through the bars and held his best friend tightly. “Oh, bajeebus, Charlie. It was so dark and I couldn’t move! It was like I was trapped – buried alive.” Tears filled Pip’s eyes. “We gotta get you outta here!”

“Wait, Pip – behind you, that’s Rebecca.”

Pip turned, crouching. He waved and smiled at her. “Nice to meet you, Rebecca. I’ll be with you in–”

“No, Pip. Can you get that doll from the shelf? The little girl?”

“Oh, sure!”

He darted across the room, hopping onto a chair and swinging from the shelf. His little legs dangled as he grabbed her ankle, pulling her over and jumping down with the weight. Pip carried her to Rebecca’s cage.

Rebecca stared at the doll, not knowing if anything would truly happen. It was like a far-off, distant dream she had had. One that she knows she had, but can’t remember many details. Just – screams and laughter. Giggles, and cherry flavored *something*.

A tear fell from her eye, landing on Rebecca’s hand once more. She slipped her fingers through the bar and touched the doll, letting the tear roll down and onto her silicone skin.

Rebecca waited. Watching silently, the only sound being her heartbeat.

Then…

Dolly’s finger twitched.

Her plastic hair strengthened into a lively crown of brown hair ending in curly locks. She slowly rose to her feet, taking in her surroundings. First, she saw Charlie in the cage, then Pip, who had a look of disbelief creeping across his face. Then, in front of her, was the girl whom she loved the most.

“Rebecca?” whispered Dolly, her face leaning toward the cage, hovering against the light of the moon so that the girl could take her in. “Do

you remember me?”

Rebecca sat still. It’s not that she didn’t remember, it’s that she didn’t know if she *wanted* to remember.

“Rebecca, I’m your friend, Dolly. I’ve been watching what these fucking monsters have been doing to you. It’s okay. You don’t have to be afraid anymore.”

Silence filled the room.

Pip stepped forward to intervene.

“Hey! Hi! I’m Pip. Dolly, is it?” he put his hand out to shake it.

She stared at him before finally answering. “Hi, Pip. You’re …”

“... like you?”

“Yeah,” the two said in unison, both being followed by tiny giggles from their tiny diaphragms.

Charlie and Rebecca glanced at each other.

“Did you help this guy?” asked Rebecca.

“Oh, yeah! That’s Charlie. I helped him with some homework from his teacher.”

Dolly smiled. The two looked at each other, knowing that they were connected somehow, but neither could place the reasoning behind it.

“Wanna be friends?”

“Fuck yeah!” she replied. “First friend assignment is to get these two outta these cages. You go that way and check those drawers. Let’s see what tools we can find.”

“Got it.”

The two began rummaging through countertops and heavy metal drawers in the glow of the setting moon. Pip turned on his heel, carrying a pair of bolt cutters. “Try these.”

First, Charlie was set free. Then Rebecca. Both children wrapped their arms around their own dolls, bringing them in for comfort, something that Rebecca especially had not had in months. Comfort and safety.

“Alright, do any of you know the way to blow this joint?” asked Pip.

Suddenly, keys jolted into the locked hospital door. It gently crept open, and standing in the doorway was the one in charge of it all. Dr. Jay, Superintendent.

He flipped on the light.

“What the…,” he said, staring at the two freed children and the two tiny dolls standing in the middle of the green-lit fluorescent room.

Dolly and Pip looked at each other briefly, almost as if they could hear each other's thoughts. In sync with their movements, both dolls ran toward the man before Dolly went left and Pip went right. He grabbed the leg of the metal table and flung himself around it, jetting him toward the man’s pant leg.

Dolly had hopped onto a chair and onto the counter, grabbing the needle they always injected into Rebecca, flinging herself off the cabinet door and back toward the doctor. She latched onto his face while the man carelessly flung his legs in an attempt to shake off the doll.

With her arm held high, she plunged the syringe deep into the side of his neck and let her thumb press down quickly on the applicator. The substance drained into his body as he reached for the table, collapsing onto it. Rebecca and Charlie ran to his side to catch him, before lifting him up and onto the platform.

The four children stood by, panting and heaving into the cold air of the room. Rebecca cuffed his arms and legs before placing her hands on her hips. She sighed. “There,” slapping her hands together to finish the job.

Dolly smiled proudly.

“Now what?” asked Charlie.

Dolly and Pip glanced at one another.

They smiled before looking back at their kids.

“Wanna play a game?” the two dolls said in unison.

OceanofPDF.com

THREE

“Hey Doc,” said Dolly, her face slowly coming into his focus. “Wakey wakey.”

The doctor stirred, quickly realizing he was naked and cuffed to the table. He shook his wrists and ankles rapidly, but neither would budge much.

“What the fuck are you demon children?” he gasped.

Pip hopped onto the table holding a small pig inside a jar. It shook, the green liquid sloshing as he carried it. “Demon children?” The pair looked at each other and let out a cackle in unison.

“I’m Dolly, and this is Pip, and we’re gonna play Doctor!” she squealed, her flushed cheeks turning pink. “I’ve had the pleasure of watching you and your cronies ruin children over the last few months,” she lowered her voice to a whisper. “So, now, I know a thing or two about what to do.”

“You– this – this can’t be real. I must be sleeping.”

Dolly chuckled under her breath. “Oh, come on. You’ve never seen a doll come to life before?”

“No–,” he stammered, choosing his words carefully. “You’re like the others.”

Dolly paused. “The others?”

He knew he had said too much.

“What others?”

“Please, I’ll do anything – just let me go!”

“What *others*, Doctor Jay?” she squealed.

“In my office, there are more like you.”

Dolly and Pip looked at each other, their eyes locking onto one another as if they were connected and reading each other's minds. “After,” said Pip. Dolly nodded.

“Say, Dr. Dolly, what do you wanna do first for our patient here?”

She straightened her posture. “Hmm, well, he was complaining of having trouble urinating, Dr. Pip.”

“Interesting! Grab the catheter.”

Rebecca fumbled around the drawers until finding what was needed. She handed it to Dolly.

“Thanks, babe,” Dolly said, blowing her a kiss. “Doc! Which end goes in first?”

The doctor sat in silence, refusing to reply. “I thought you knew everything,” he said.

“Well, do you want it in correctly or not?” Dolly flipped her hair, annoyed.

With the doctor still refusing to answer, she rolled her eyes. “Fine. I’ll guess.”

She dipped the wrong end — the thick, jagged plastic tip meant for *external drainage* — into a cloudy jar of leftover lube.

Pip leaned in, whispering, “That’s not the right end.”

“I know,” Dolly said, grinning. “That’s the point.”

“I did something similar, too,” he whispered.

“I bet I can do it better,” Dolly grinned back.

The doctor finally spoke, voice shaking. “You’ll rupture something!”

“Oh, good,” Dolly interrupted. “So you *do* remember anatomy.”

She grabbed the doctor by the thighs, forcing them apart, and slowly, deliberately began feeding the rigid tube into the urethra, inch by brutal inch. The resistance made her hand tremble. The doctor screamed through his teeth, body convulsing against the restraints.

“Shhh,” she whispered, twisting the tube cruelly. “I’m doing what you always wanted. I'm helping you lose control.”

Rebecca gagged at the wet sounds. Blood mixed with lube on the floor, dripping in slow, steady taps.

“Doc,” Dolly cooed, “how’s your bladder feeling?”

He sobbed.

She smiled. “Let’s fill it with something fun next.”

“Like hot water?” asked Charlie.

Pip smiled, nodding to him. “*Boiling* water,”

A kettle set was conveniently on the counter next to an old pilot light. Rebecca filled the kettle with water and set it onto the stove. She lit the flame while the rest waited patiently for the water to begin to boil.

“Please, Dolly,” cried the doctor. “Please, let me go.”

“Why should I?”

“I didn’t –” he shook his head.

“Didn’t *what*? Remember Jessica? That poor girl caught so many infections because you couldn’t stop fucking *peeing* in her!”

“Is that what this is about?” his face was swept in confusion.

“It’s about Rebecca, Jessica, and all the other girls.”

The kettle started to scream.

“This – in this moment – this is about how Jessica died from a kidney infection because of you. Instead of giving her treatment, you let your staff fuck her until she turned into a corpse.”

The doctor spat at Dolly, but it didn’t go far enough. “Ha, the one thing you love to do, you aren’t even good at.”

“Dolly,” said Pip, nodding behind her. Rebecca stood holding the kettle. She took the kettle, grasping the handle with all her superhuman strength, and began to sing quietly to herself.

“*I’m a little teapot short and stout*.”

She reached for the rubber end of the tubing.

“*Here is my handle, here is my spout*.”

She positioned the tube against the pouring lip.

“*When I get all steamed up, hear me shout*.”

She began leaning the kettle …

“*Tip me over and pour me out*.”

The water flowed through the rubber tubing.

Gulp, gulp, gulp.

Dolly smiled at Pip. “I love that sound, don’t you?”

As soon as it entered his penis, the doctor erupted into a roar.

“Uh oh, the Doctor has something up his no-no hole. Hey Captain Catheter, how’s that feel?”

It wasn’t just a scream; it was primal and ragged. His spine arched off the table, muscles seizing as if trying to wriggle away from his own flesh.

Dolly clapped her hands like she was watching fireworks on the 4th of July. “Ohhh! There it is!”

Pip smiled, watching on.

“I call this the *Bladder Blaster*!” she said.

Steam hissed out around the catheter tube, and a thick dribble of red-tinged water splattered on the table. The stench hit seconds later: scorched meat.

“God, you smell like microwaved diaper soup,” Pip muttered, fanning the air.

The doctor thrashed again, face beet red, sweat pouring from his brow, veins rising like worms beneath his skin. He opened his mouth, but nothing came out. His voice had shredded itself raw. His eyes rolled white. His heels kicked. But he was strapped tight, forced to lie still as boiling heat worked its way deeper inside, scalding every inch of the path.

Rebecca stared, pale. “He’s gonna pass out.”

“Not yet,” Dolly said, adjusting the flow. “Let him feel *every* molecule.”

She traced a finger along the doctor’s leg, now sticky with steam-slicked sweat. “Next time you piss inside someone, maybe you’ll remember this moment.”

He whimpered.

She kissed his forehead.

“Good boy.”

OceanofPDF.com

FOUR

The doctor held his eyes closed tightly, squinting behind tears.

“Aww, got something in your eye, Doc?” Pip asked, sauntering up to his face. He leaned in close, fingers prying the doctor’s eyelids open with slow, deliberate care. The doctor’s brown eyes twitched, darting between Pip’s own — those impossibly bright blue orbs, wide with childlike wonder and something far more dangerous.

“Fuck you,” said the Doc.

“Mmm,” thought Pip, out loud. “No thanks. You’re not my type!”

Charlie stifled out a giggle.

“Hey Charlie, my boy! Can you grab me some scissors, please?”

“Wha-what’re you gonna do to me?” the doctor whimpered, his voice hitching like a rusty hinge.

Pip tilted his head, grinning. “Considering you like kids, I’m gonna punish you for everything you’ve *ever* seen with those pervert peepers. And don’t worry — you’ll never be able to shut them again.”

Charlie returned, cradling a pair of medical scissors; small, precise, and glinting with menace under the light. He passed them to Pip with a theatrical bow before slinking back beside Rebecca. The two of them leaned in, grinning like giddy children waiting for a puppet show soaked in blood.

Pip turned back to the doctor, his tiny fingers prying up the first eyelid with disgusting care, like peeling the skin off spoiled fruit. The scissors slid into place – one blade beneath, one above – and *snip*.

Blood immediately flooded the surface of the eyeball, slick and shiny, clouding the cornea in a soupy crimson veil. The doctor let out a strangled, wet shriek, shaking violently as Pip calmly made two more cuts.

With a final tug, the eyelid came free – a twitching, blood-matted flap of skin hanging from the blades before it hit the floor with a sticky slap.

The exposed eyeball bulged grotesquely from its socket, blinking against nothing. The doctor tried to squeeze his eyes shut by instinct, but the muscle just twitched uselessly, sending little spurts of blood down his cheek.

Pip didn't wait. He moved to the second eye with surgical glee, holding the eyelid out like a piece of deli meat. The scissors crunched through the delicate tissue, making a soft, meaty *snip snip snip* as blood leaked down the bridge of the doctor's nose and into his mouth.

When it was over, both eyes stared out, glassy and raw. The doctor looked inhuman — more corpse than man — his bald head slick with sweat, his gaunt frame twitching like a marionette on a dying string.

Pip stepped back, admiring the horror he'd crafted. "Now *that's* a face that'll haunt a thousand nightmares."

"Nice job!" Dolly chirped, skipping forward like a little girl at recess. "*My turn!* Rebecca, can you grab the pliers?"

Rebecca stood, heading to a drawer.

"Wait, what're you gonna do with the pliers?"

"Uhh, I'm feeling like he may have a toothache coming on."

"Really? Tooth extraction?"

Dolly rocked her hip, standing firm. "What's wrong with that?"

"I mean –" Pip leaned in and began to whisper. "It's a little *cliche*, don't ya think?"

Dolly rolled her eyes. "Fine."

She stood, thinking.

"You know what, Pip?"

"What's that, Dolly?"

“Just go with it.” She smiled. Pip put his hands in the air and backed away as if to surrender.

“Pliers.”

Rebecca appeared instinctively, smiling from ear to ear. “You got this,” she nodded. Dolly appreciated her little cheerleader. With the pliers in hand, she peeled the doctor’s lips back and let the metal scrape against his front tooth. She squeezed hard, right in the middle of the tooth, and began to twist as she pulled with the strength of one hundred tiny dolls. “Uggh–ARRGHHH!!” she yanked, jolting backward and falling on her rear. Holding the pliers up to the light, she could see the bottom half of the first tooth. It broke in half, exactly what she had planned. The doctor was screaming as his tongue reached for the broken tooth, his gums showing through the end.

One by one, metal on bone, Dolly twisted and turned. She leveraged her foot against his cheek, starting with the front top row, and broke every tooth in half.

Dolly braced herself against the edge of the gurney, pliers in a white-knuckled grip.

She set her heel on the doctor’s cheek for leverage, peeled his upper lip high, and clamped down on the next incisor. A dull crack echoed, followed by a wet pop as the tooth broke free. A thin ribbon of blood snaked over his chin.

She shifted to the next. The pliers squealed against enamel, then snapped. The doctor’s whole body jerked; a ragged howl rattled the room. Dolly didn’t flinch. She planted her hand on his forehead, holding him steady the way a mechanic steadies an engine.

Pip and Rebecca kept the score with how many teeth she could break, morbidly fascinated, calling the numbers like sports announcers.

For the canines, she had to twist harder, rocking the pliers side-to-side until the roots loosened. Each tug brought a fresh surge of bright red that pooled at the corners of his mouth before dribbling onto the bib of his gown. He gagged, coughing pink froth, vision blurring with tears he couldn’t blink away.

“That’s the entire molar!” Pip called gleefully. Dolly flicked the bloody canine into the bowl with another metallic ping.

She moved to the lower jaw next. The molars were stubborn and anchored deep. She gritted her teeth, set both feet on the table, and pulled in slow, grinding arcs. A low crunch vibrated up the pliers, through her arms, and into her shoulders. The doctor made a sound, half sob, half growl, as the molar finally released with a sloppy *pop*. She didn’t pause.

To keep the bleeding in check, Rebecca dabbed at the doctor’s lips with a wad of gauze, but the cloth soaked through almost instantly. His breaths came in short, sharp wheezes – air whistling through new gaps where the ends of teeth had been.

Dolly worked methodically: grip, twist, lever, pull. Each extraction rang into the bowl… eight, nine, ten… until the clangs blurred into a morbid rhythm. The doctor’s screams weakened to throaty whimpers; his jaw trembled, slick with saliva and diluted red.

By the time she approached the last molar, his gums were a raw, crimson landscape of white, uncharted snow-topped mountains. Dolly steadied herself and dug in one final time. She twisted. Crack. Pull. Pop. The last tooth sailed through the air, pinged the bowl, and spun to a stop atop the grisly little pile. Dolly surveyed her work: a gaping, toothless and rocky mouth, lips trembling around broken sockets, tongue shaking like a wounded animal.

She dropped the pliers on the tray with a satisfied clatter. “All cleaned out,” she said, brushing her hands together as if she’d finished ordinary housework.

Pip leaned close to the doctor’s ear and whispered, “Smile for us.”

He tried, but the gesture collapsed into a silent scream, gums and teeth shining dark and slick under the harsh light.

Pip patted Dolly on the shoulder. “Now that,” he said, “is art.”

“Oh–,” she replied, a smile creeping across her face. “You think I’m done?”

Pip scoffed sarcastically, “If I had pearls, I’d be clutching them right now.”

Dolly retrieved the bowl and headed toward the catheter. With a quick tug, she pulled it out – blood and water came spurting out with it. Then, one by one, she stretched his urethra as she forced each tooth inside his pisshole. Starting with the smallest broken bits first, the edges scraped against the meaty flesh as each one was inserted inside him.

The doctor tried to howl, but all that came out were whimpers in between each tooth shoved into his small cavity.

“Please…” he begged. “Please, stop…”

“I don’t listen to anyone whose G-spot is in their asshole,” she replied as she began stuffing molars deep into his pisshole. Every ridge scraped against him, her thumbs shoving them deeper and deeper as the girth of his cock began to widen exponentially.

“Boy, you’ve got some girth on you now,” chimed Pip.

Dolly laughed. “Is that how you like ‘em, Pip?” as her fingers played with the tip of the doctor’s penis.

Pip blushed, his cheeks turning a light sky-blue hue.

The doctor rambled on about something, but it was incoherent. “Would you like some syrup with that waffle?” asked Pip, rolling his eyes. “We can’t understand you!” He enunciated each syllable.

Charlie and Rebecca appeared next to the table. Rebecca tilted her ear toward the doctor. “Yeah, Doctor Jay? … Yeah. Okay.”

“What’d he say?” asked Pip.

“He’s thirsty.”

“Well, good news is I’m done! Check out that girthy bad boy,” said Dolly, slapping the hardened cock with her palm. It stood erect, full of teeth.

Pip hopped down from the table. He made his way to the sink and washed his hands. “You two go find us something to snack on. Don’t get

caught. There may be night nurses out there."

The children nodded before heading to the door.

"What next, Doctor Pip?" asked Dolly.

"If he's thirsty, let's give him a drink."

OceanofPDF.com

FIVE

Pip waltzed to the rear of the room and began opening cabinets. Rows and rows of wet specimens lined each shelf. Bottle after bottle, they were each labeled with the fetuses of dead animals. “Hmm,” he wondered aloud before finally retrieving one and skipping back to the table. “How about a piglet?”

“Oh my *god*, that’s fuckin’ gross, Pip!”

He stared at her.

“I love it,” she said, smiling. He smiled back and hopped onto the table.

“Open wide!” Pip shouted as he twisted off the top and began pouring the liquid into the doctor’s wounded mouth. He immediately began to choke, gurgling on the pungent substance.

“Stop!” shouted Rebecca, running in from the entrance door. “That’s ethanol!”

Pip froze.

“It’ll kill him!”

Dolly hopped down from the table and retrieved the kettle. She filled it with cold water and ran back, jumping up next to Pip, who still stood frozen over the man. He lowered the jar as she began sloshing water down the doctor’s throat. He swallowed what he could, but Dolly tilted his head to the side and let it rinse out onto the table instead.

After a few moments, the doctor appeared okay. “Damn, Pip,” said Dolly.

“I mean, he said he was thirsty–,” the two rang out in a simultaneous chuckle.

“What did you two get to eat?” asked Dolly.

“Pip! They had PB and J’s!” said Charlie.

“And I got you some cherry and pineapple juice,” said Rebecca, handing a small box to her friend.

“Awe, honey. You’re so sweet to me.”

“Yeah, and we got apples and some chocolate bars, and some potato chips and a bag of nuts and this super long crazy straw for our drinks!”

“That’s excellent, Charlie. You two sit and eat while Pip and I continue.”

Pip reached into the jar that he had opened and retrieved the pig fetus. Dangling it above the jar, he let it drip the remaining liquid. “Charlie, hand me a towel, will ya? Don’t wanna get anymore of this shit down his throat.” Pip waited, watching the green liquid slowly silk its way down the piglet before Charlie returned with a dish rag. He wrapped it around the pig, soaking up the remnants of ethanol.

The others watched as he slowly lifted it up and above the doctor’s mouth.

“Open wide, Doc,” Pip whispered. The man tried to clamp his mouth shut, but he couldn’t. His body knew he had to breathe. The stench alone nearly made him gag, eyes rolling behind lidless sockets.

Pip lowered the pig headfirst, pushing the slick snout past the doctor’s trembling lips. It squelched against what remained of his teeth – jagged, broken nubs with pulp and gum exposed. The doctor moaned, a deep, guttural sound that vibrated through the back of his throat as the pig slid deeper.

Its soft, preserved skin tore on the jagged enamel stumps, splitting open like overripe fruit. Preservative fluid mixed with blood, trailing down his throat in slow, choking gulps. His tongue tried to push it out, but the folds of the pig’s belly collapsed over it, squashing down like cold jelly. Pip gave the pig a push.

The doctor began to chew as the sound of wet flesh could be heard over his rattled breathing.

What teeth he had left mashed through cartilage with a wet crunch. His gums split open with each bite, exposing raw meat with exposed nerves. Pink foam and bile dribbled from the corners of his mouth as he sobbed and gnawed, the flesh of the pig turning into a gray-pink paste between his molar holes.

A bit of ear clung to the side of his cheek.

"Swallow," Pip said.

The doctor did, or tried to. His throat worked once, twice, convulsing like it was rejecting the reality of what was inside. Eventually, the meat slid down, stringing filmy trails of spit and blood behind it.

The room smelled like death, vinegar, and rot.

Rebecca turned away, holding her nose.

Pip leaned in, wiping the doctor’s chin with the same rag used on the pig. “Good boy,” he whispered. “How’d that taste?”

The doctor couldn’t speak; he just stared at the ceiling, attempting to blink – attempting to cry – but nothing would happen. All that was left of him was a hopeless shell of his former self, existing only for the sole purpose of torture. He wanted to die.

“Hey, Dollface, wanna grab another? I think the Doc here is still thirsty.”

"Actually, I’ve got a better idea," Dolly chirped, hopping off the table and snatching up the kids’ snacks. She returned with a fistful of salted nuts and began pressing them one by one into the doctor’s raw, swollen pisshole. “Mmm,” she hummed, as they crunched and popped past the stretched rim like little salted grenades.

Next came a handful of greasy potato chips. She crushed them in her palm, letting the shards tumble into the opening, slicing tiny cuts along the urethral walls as she packed them in. The doctor groaned, trembling beneath her touch, his face twisted in silent agony.

"I bet that feels real nice, Doctor Nutjob," she grinned.

Then she popped the straw into her cherry-pineapple juice box and gave it a hard squeeze, sending a cold, sugary rush gurgling into the salt-and-chip-packed shaft.

“Crazy straw, please,” she called. Rebecca handed her one almost as tall as Dolly herself. She fed the spiraled straw into the slit, threading it slowly down the juice-soaked tunnel, then guided the other end to the doctor’s trembling lips.

"Now, drink the dick juice."

The doctor sucked, gagging, the twisted plastic straw bubbling as cherry-pineapple piss cocktail met his tongue. Tears spilled down his cheeks, but Dolly just beamed. "Refreshing, right?"

Pip slow-clapped. “Fucking *bravo*! *Magnifique!*” as she curtsied to him. Rebecca and Charlie grimaced.

“Thanks, babes! But I actually have more.” Dolly hopped down from the table and assessed the rest of the wet specimens in the cabinet. Her tiny fingers peeled old labels, the cursive writing sometimes too illegible to read – pig, snake, eel, shark, toad – she knew there had to be something better. Something *more*. Toward the back, she found one labeled *Chihuahua.* “Ugh,” Dolly scoffed at the image of the tiny puppy.

“There,” she whispered, finally setting her eyes on something of value. The label had one word scrawled across the fabric that was stuck to the jar: *Angelique.*

“No, it couldn’t–” Dolly cut herself off as she pulled the jar closer to her. “Is that…” She placed it in her hand and turned the jar. “Oh my god, it is.” Standing, she quickly turned on her heel and bolted for the table.

“You put her baby in a *jar*?!” she yelled from the floor. With a thud, Dolly placed the jar onto the table in front of Pip, who picked it up and immediately turned to the doctor. “Who is Angelique?”

“I–” the doctor murmured in return as if trying to find the words, but physically unable to. His voice finally let out a faint grumble. “She … *couldn’t keep*… it.”

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” piped Dolly who was now standing behind Pip. She grabbed the jar from his small hands. “Angelique was a ten-year-old who our doctor here impregnated. I was present for the abortion, but I didn’t know what he did with the fetus.”

“Well, what do you wanna do with it?” asked Pip.

The doctor lay there sobbing behind wide eyes. “I’m sorry,” he gasped.

“Rebecca, please find me a surgical tray,” asked Dolly.

“On it!” Rebecca could be heard rummaging through drawer after drawer in search of whatever it was that Dolly needed before locking eyes on a tray that held scalpels, sutures, small scissors, and more.

“This?” she asked, holding it to the table.

“Good girl!”

Pip approached her from behind, whispering into her ear. “If you’re about to do what I think you’re about to do, you know it’ll kill him, right?”

“Then he can fucking die with the baby inside him where it belongs.”

Dolly didn’t bother sterilizing much beyond wiping the doctor’s stomach with a bloody alcohol pad she found on the tray. With her tiny fingers, she picked up a scalpel and made a vertical incision down the midline of his abdomen, roughly from the base of his sternum to just above his groin.

The blade hesitated at first, but with more pressure, it broke the skin, releasing a slow ooze of dark blood. She widened the cut with shallow sawing motions, tearing through the fat with the edge of the blade instead of dissecting cleanly. She used her fingers to stretch the wound open, exposing glistening yellow fat and, eventually, the tough white tissue of the abdominal wall.

The doctor howled into oblivion.

She grabbed a pair of scissors and started snipping at the connective tissue clumsily and unevenly until the deeper muscle layers gave

way.

“God, this part stinks,” she muttered, as the peritoneum gave way with a sticky, wet sound. The Doctor’s bowels bulged forward, wet and glistening.

Not knowing exactly where to go, she shoved a few coils of intestine aside with the back of her hand and used gauze to soak up fluid. She didn’t know what she was looking for – just space. With two fingers, she pushed down behind the intestines, forcing a pocket open beneath the organs. She tore some fascia doing it, but the bleeding wasn’t fast enough to stop her.

Then, carefully, she reached over and picked up the jar before unscrewing the lid. The overpowering smell of ethanol filled her nostrils, causing her to gasp and wheeze.

“Should we say a word?” Pip asked.

Dolly paused, looking at the doctor’s warped face before lowering her head and closing her eyes. “I’m sorry, Angelique. This is for you.”

The fetus slid into the warm cavity like a slug entering a shell, its arms and legs folded up tightly. She adjusted it slightly, making sure the fetus wasn’t going to roll out. The abdomen twitched and spasmed under her hands, the doctor choking on his own spit after having yelled for so long.

With no clamps or sutures ready, she improvised: Dolly packed some gauze loosely over the fetus, shoved the bowels back in place with two hands, and began closing him up the same way she’d seen the doctor do it, only far messier and less organized. She took some heavy black thread and a curved needle and stitched through the skin and fat in thick, uneven bites. There was no separate layer closure. She tied sloppy knots by hand, yanking hard each time to keep the wound from splitting open.

The finished suture line looked like a Frankenstein zipper – bloated, puckered, leaking blood around the edges, pink from exposure as it moved up and down with heavy breaths. She slapped a wad of gauze over it, held it down with surgical tape, then stepped back, panting.

The room was silent.

“Well?” said Dolly, breaking the restraint of nothingness that overwhelmed her. “Now what?”

Pip stepped forward as the doctor croaked up saliva. “I think he’s done, Dolly.”

“No! There’s a ton of other girls he hurt, too!” she said.

Pip placed his hand on his friend's shoulder, locking his blue eyes on her purple gaze. “He’s done. Look at him.”

Dolly knew he was right. She couldn’t keep it up much longer. There was no telling what time it was other than the sun creeping in the only window in the room. She didn’t know if anyone else would be coming for him. She wiped her hands on her dress and approached him. His bare eyes stared up at hers.

“Where’s your office?”

The man croaked out an elongated “Why?”

“Because I fucking asked, brainqueef. I need to get the other dolls out of here.”

He turned his head toward the door. “Down … the hall … on the … right.”

Dolly turned to Pip. “Are you ready to blow this joint?”

He smiled and nodded, then the two dolls jumped from the table, landing with two tiny thuds on the tiled floor. “Let’s go!” Pip shouted.

OceanofPDF.com

SIX

Distant and urgent voices echoed from the far end of the hallway, bouncing off the tile walls like angry wasps. The four children moved in near silence, their feet soft against the cold floor. Every creak in the building made them freeze in place. They clung to shadows, slipping from doorway to doorway, pressing themselves into crevices between cabinets, old lockers, and rolling medical carts crusted with rust and gauze.

Rebecca led the way, her breathing tight and shallow. Charlie followed, his eyes wide, scanning for movement.

Finally, they stopped in front of a white door with a crooked nameplate screwed into the wood. The peeling black letters read: Doctor Jay.

“That’s it?” Pip squinted, unimpressed. “I was expecting something more… *official*—like, I don’t know… *Dr. Jacob von Lichtenstein*. Is this fool even a real doctor?”

Dolly didn’t answer. She placed a hand on the doorknob, her palm leaving a smudge on the metal. The handle turned with a gritty click, and she eased the door open slowly, wincing as the hinges let out a dry moan.

The office was dim, heavy with the smell of formaldehyde and old leather. Along the wood-paneled walls were mounted trophies: deer heads with glassy eyes, a snarling javelina mid-lunge, and a pair of squirrels taxidermied into a bizarre scene: one wearing a tiny sheriff's hat, the other mid-leap from a plastic campfire. Dried prairie grass and fake rocks framed the display like a twisted diorama.

Sunlight bled through a single narrow window, its rays slicing through the gloom and lighting up swirls of dust that danced slowly in the air. It gave everything an eerie golden haze, like a forgotten museum room that had been locked for years.

Against the far wall stood an enormous bookshelf made of dark oak, its shelves buckling under the weight of leather-bound medical texts, animal anatomy manuals, and strange binders marked with patient numbers instead of names. Pip approached first, craning his neck upward. “You see that?” he whispered.

At the very top of the bookshelf, nestled between old skulls and a ceramic jar filled with cigarette butts, were three dolls. Each one was different: a teddy bear, a rocking horse, and a Cabbage Patch doll.

“Creepy,” muttered Pip.

Without a word, Dolly pulled a dusty stool toward the base of the bookshelf. Pip grabbed another one. Together, they began to climb, stepping onto the second shelf, then the third, gripping the edge of the wood to steady themselves as the whole structure creaked under their weight. Loose papers and curled photographs fell around them like leaves.

Finally, at the top, the two settled onto their bottoms as their little legs dangled off the side.

“I’m gonna toss them down!” called Dolly in a loud whisper. Rebecca and Charlie nodded.

First, the teddy bear fell with ease, Charlie clutching his soft body to his chest. Then, Rebecca caught the rocking horse just before the Cabbage Patch fell to the floor with a thud.

“Oops,” said Charlie.

Dolly and Pip slowly, carefully, and quietly climbed back down the shelf, their tiny feet tapping along the oak as they descended from crevice to crevice. Each step creaked beneath their weight before they finally dropped to the floor with a soft thud.

"Now what?" asked Pip, brushing dust from his palms.

"We have to wake them up," said Rebecca. She held the wooden rocking horse tightly to her chest, closed her eyes, and let a single tear fall onto the toy's curved neck. She set it down in front of them and took a step back.

The others did the same, standing in a loose circle as they waited.

For a long moment, the room was still.

Then the horse shifted. The wood creaked beneath it as it began to rock gently, forward and back. Its painted eyes slowly lifted, fixing on Dolly with a vacant, creeping stare.

"Hi there," she said softly. "I'm Dolly."

The horse let out a shrill neigh and reared upward, hooves curling in the air as it tilted backward on its arched base.

Dolly pressed her fingers to her lips. "Shhh."

The horse froze. Its hollow eyes and eerie smile seemed to root it to the floor.

Charlie grinned and stepped forward. "My turn." He gave the toy bear a sloppy kiss on the forehead, his tongue catching the dust. He placed it on the ground, then waited, holding his breath.

The bear’s fingers twitched first. Then its arms moved with a stiff jerk, followed by a sudden jolt upright.

"What the fuck!" the bear growled, its voice gravelly.

Pip lunged forward and clamped both hands over its mouth. "Be quiet! We're here to rescue you."

The bear’s eyes darted between the children. Its chest rose and fell in sharp bursts until it finally calmed. Pip slowly pulled his hands away.

Rebecca lifted the Cabbage Patch doll from the desk, kissed her plastic cheek, and gently lowered her to the ground. After a few seconds, the doll's arms lifted with unnatural grace. Her eyes blinked once, then again. She straightened her dress and stood still.

"Shhh," whispered Dolly and Pip together.

"This is Dolly, I'm Pip, and that's Rebecca and Charlie," Pip said quickly. "We’re breaking you out of this place."

The bear looked around the room, eyes scanning the mounted trophies and dusty shelves. "I'm Teddy. The horse is Montana, and the doll is Candy Ann."

"Nice to make your acquaintance," said Candy in a soft, airy voice. She gave a curtsy, her fabric skirt swaying stiffly. Dolly couldn’t help but notice how elegant she seemed. She smiled.

Montana let out another low, ghostly neigh that echoed across the room.

"We don’t need your help," Teddy muttered. His voice was heavy with fatigue.

Pip stepped closer and placed a hand on the bear’s shoulder. "But you have it." He gave a gentle smile.

Teddy rolled his eyes. One of them popped loose and hit the floor with a dull clink.

Dolly gasped and bent down to pick it up.

"Listen, kids," Teddy said with a sigh. "I’m old as dirt. Montana doesn’t care about anything, and Candy—well, Candy’s been broken since ‘85. Ain’t that right, Candy?"

"He kept us like trophies, stolen from our children. I still remember every single one who was forced from us,” she said.

Dolly and Pip exchanged a glance. There was sadness in their eyes, but also something stubborn, something fierce.

Rebecca knelt in front of Teddy, lowering herself until they were face to face. She watched him closely as he shoved the black marble back into his eye socket.

"Do you want to go home with Charlie?" she asked gently.

Charlie stepped forward and nodded. "Yeah. I’ll take care of you."

Teddy blinked at him, then looked at Rebecca. Something small shifted behind his marble eye.

"We’ll see, kid," he said quietly. "We’ll see."

The seven of them approached the door. Teddy went first, plucking his eye out once more into the grizzled palm of his hand. His arm crept around the corner of the office door and into the hallway so that he could see. “Coast is clear,” he said, creeping out across the tile. The children and toys followed behind him. The rocking horse edged along, its wooden base creaking under its weight.

Candy limped, her legs barely holding together, stuffing poking out of the seams with each wobbling step.

“Wait,” called Dolly from the rear. “One more thing…”

Before anyone could stop her, she turned and disappeared back into the office. The others stood frozen in the hall, backs pressed to the wall, the humming fluorescent lights flickering above like a warning.

Pip tapped his foot anxiously, glancing from the doorway to Rebecca and Charlie. “What the hell is she doing?”

A sharp *crack* echoed from inside, followed by a burst of heat.

Suddenly, the office lit up in an orange glow as flames surged across the walls and ceiling. Smoke rolled out into the hallway in thick, curling waves.

Dolly burst through the fire-lit doorway, running full speed with soot smeared across her face and a bundle of matches still clutched in her fist. The door behind her remained wide open, the heat warping the air and filling the corridor with the scent of burning chemicals and charred fur.

"Go!" she shouted.

They ran.

Candy hobbled along, her cloth knees bending the wrong way. Montana clacked against the tile floor with every uneven rock of its wooden base. Teddy grunted with effort as he half-limped, half-bounced beside Charlie.

Red lights strobed from overhead as the fire alarms screamed to life. Sprinklers erupted in a violent hiss, spraying freezing water across the

halls. The children slipped through the sheets of water, their clothes soaked instantly.

Around the corner, a nurse burst out of a side room, clipboard in hand, skidding to a halt with her mouth wide open to scream, but before a sound escaped, Teddy lunged across the floor and crashed into her legs, snapping them sideways and sending her sprawling onto her back with a crack. He launched onto her chest, his soft paws pounding her face in a rapid, frenzied blur that bruised but barely broke skin until he opened his mouth wide with a guttural growl and sank his teeth into her throat, tearing a ragged, gaping hole that sprayed a thick arc of blood across the walls. It pulsed in hot jets, soaking his fur and face, as he thrashed like a starving beast, snarling and chewing until her windpipe hung loose and her body twitched in a lake of crimson.

“Run!” Pip yelled.

The children charged forward, slipping and scrambling down the main hallway as chaos erupted around them. Another nurse shouted from a doorway, but before she could react, Candy hurled herself into a rolling laundry cart and smashed it into the woman’s legs with a bone-snapping crash; her kneecap folded sideways with a grotesque crunch as she collapsed, screaming. Candy sprang from the cart, tore a thick wad of stuffing from her own leg with a rip, and shrieked with manic joy as she jammed it down the nurse’s throat, forcing the fluff deep into her mouth while the woman gagged, eyes bulging and fingers clawing desperately until she choked to death on synthetic fiber and bile.

Doors flew open behind them. Shouts echoed. Someone pulled an alarm again, even though it was already blaring.

They turned a final corner, the entrance now visible at the far end, glowing with pale orange light from the sun outside. Wind howled in through the broken panes of glass on the revolving doors. The air smelled like freedom.

"Almost there!" Rebecca yelled.

Charlie tripped, and Teddy grabbed him by the collar. “I didn’t come back from the dead just to watch you die, kid,” he growled, hauling

him up.

A security guard approached when Montana slid across the floor and brought the base of the rocker down on the old man's head, slamming it again and again with sickening force. Bone cracked like brittle wood, his jaw unhinged, and thick globs of brain matter splattered across the tiles. One eyeball burst free and hit the floor with a wet, popping squelch, rolling through a smear of blood and hair as the guard's twitching body sagged into a limp corpse.

The doors burst open and all seven tumbled onto the concrete steps, chased by a cloud of water, smoke, and shrieking alarms. Morning sunlight washed over them, turning the drifting haze into ribbons of gold. Behind them, the hospital windows spat flames, glass cracking, smoke pumping into the bright sky.

Dolly paused on the last step to watch the fire climb higher. The wail of police sirens grew louder, rushing toward the chaos. She glanced at Rebecca. “I’ll catch you later, Dollface,” she said before offering a quick wink. Dolly eased herself down to the pavement and folded into a sitting pose. In an instant, her limbs stiffened, her painted eyes losing their sparkle, and she became a motionless toy once more.

Charlie threw his arms around Pip. “I love you, Pip. Thank you,” he whispered. A soft smile touched Pip’s lips before his body sagged, joints locking as he too returned to stillness.

Teddy, Montana, and Candy exchanged sleepy smiles. Stuffing settled, wooden joints relaxed, and the three drifted back into their hushed slumber. One by one, they fell silent, five toys lying peacefully in the growing daylight while the burning hospital roared behind them and sirens echoed up the street.

OceanofPDF.com

SEVEN

The children sat with their dolls in the back of the ambulance, the door ajar as they waited.

“Where do you think they’ll take us this time?” asked Charlie.

Rebecca watched out of the crack in the door, her face no longer that of a small child, but someone who seemingly became an adult overnight.

Just as she began to answer, two cars pulled through the gates of Hollygrove Asylum. Their spinning wheels tossed up gravel as the drivers hurried to their destination. Parking, the doors flung open, and appeared a man and a woman.

“Mom?” whispered Rebecca. Leaping out of the van, her feet hit the gravel so fast that she felt like she could fly. Her mother’s arms flung open and greeted Rebecca in an embrace. For the first time in what felt like forever, Rebecca finally found her hope.

The man walked toward the ambulance and opened the door further before bending down, eye level with Charlie, who immediately began to sob. “Daddy!” he shrieked.

“I’m so sorry, buddy,” his Dad wailed into the neck of the small boy. “I’m so, so sorry.”

A large police man approached. The children recognized him from before, his uniform reading *Detective Wayne Cooper.*

“Your parents will take you to the hospital to get checked out, if that’s okay. Since the records were lost in the fire, we don’t have a clear picture of what happened inside regarding treatment. I will say this – we actually just concluded an investigation into the Superintendent of the

hospital for the death of a child named Angelique, and were on our way to arrest him today when the fire broke out."

Charlie and Rebecca glanced at each other, expressionless.

"We'll leave it to your pediatricians to evaluate everything and decide the best course of treatment for here on out. I'm sorry for any troubles," he said.

Rebecca placed Dolly and Candy Ann in the backseat of her mother's car before climbing inside.

Charlie placed Pip, Teddy, and Montana in the backseat of his father's car, then climbed inside next to them.

"Before we go, I'd like to talk to Charlie's dad real quick," said Rebecca's mother. "We grew up together, and we each had dolls exactly like yours."

The children watched their parents chat in the driveway for a moment before hugging and waving each other off.

Both vehicles pulled out of their parking spots, rolling slowly beneath rows of trees whose heavy branches drooped over the narrow path like reaching arms. They paused beneath the towering, rusted arch that read *Hollygrove Asylum*, engines humming in unison before turning on their blinkers and splitting off in opposite directions. In the backseats, the children pressed their faces to the windows, waving goodbye as the cars disappeared into the distance.

***THE END*.**

OceanofPDF.com

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thank you to my readers for being so amazing.

Thank you to everyone who helped me during this process. My friends and foes, all the same. I appreciate you, regardless.

Casey Mason, Chris Miller, Patrick Walker, Sara Fesi,and Lesley Camphouse. My Mom, for always being the first to read every book, and my Dad for putting up with us.

Thank you to Joe Hempel and his crew at Fright Night Audio for bringing my stories to life.

To the Peachick Crew - Samantha, Sam, and Sami, Caz, Alice and her amazing & creative daughter, Willow, Chrissie, Emma, Karen, Karlyne, Marie, and Luke.

And to my amazing oldest child who suffers through my endless nagging on how wonderful he is as an artist, Myles. Thank you for creating the faces of Dolly and Pip.

OceanofPDF.com

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

RJ Powell

RJ Powell lives in East Texas with her pets, plants, and progenies. She prefers seclusion, but loves social media. RJ can be found on Instagram, @splatter.girl, and Tiktok, @splattergirlhorror.

Other works include Madness in Tandem, Eight Cases of Jane, Vasectomy, Feeler Deep, Dollface, Puppet, and Dolly & Pip: Double Penetration.

Don't forget to check out The Dollhouse Collection for a special note from the author.

OceanofPDF.com